

Affliction, Part 3

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Summary: Kylee's big day comes: the day of the haircut!!! But before it happens, she has to make sure she has things under control.
;)

Affliction, Part 3

Disclaimer: None of the characters are mine except for Kylee. And the rights to the song "Affliction" are still owned by Econoline Crush.

>
Notes: Don't you worry, you'll find out Ky's secret soon enough. Also, I was having computer problems for several days. When that cleared up, I had problems with this site. This part would have been up sooner if possible. Sorry.

>

>
Kylee preened her hair. Again. It was the last morning she would be able to do so. At least, until her hair grew back. And she was more than positive that all parties involved in the cutting of her hair would appreciate her regrowing it.

>
Daisy watched Ky, her shoulder resting on the bathroom's doorway and her arms across her chest. "So what's your gameplan?"

>
Kylee stopped and, with one lingering glance at the mirror, looked at Daisy. "Gameplan?" A grin seemed to be permanently plastered on her lips.

>
"You're up to something."

>
Ky chuckled. "Oh? Am I?"

>
"Yes. . . ." Daisy liked Kylee. A lot. She just knew that Ky was going to be successful in whatever it was she was going to do. There was something about this girl that told Daisy that she could make anything happen.

>
Ky looked back at the mirror and playfully spiked up her hair some more. "I don't see why I'm going into town. Shaving my head's not that hard."

>
"Shaving your head?!" Juliette was somewhat afraid of Kylee, but her exclamation sprang from her mouth before she could stop it. She looked through the doorway of the bathroom, hoping Ky had a momentary lapse of deafness.

>
Shelby laughed a bit. "Peter's not going to let you shave your head."

>
Katherine joined the small crowd just outside the bathroom, along with Shelby. "I have to agree with Shelby; Peter's not going to go for it."

>
Ky frowned and shook her head. "I don't think you guys understand some things." She regretfully turned from the mirror to her roommates. "Peter's not the one who asked for my hair to be cut. It's my mother's doing. The coward wouldn't make me do it until I was no longer under her direct supervision. See, if it had been Peter's doing, he'd just take my mousse away from me so I can't fix it this way. Am I right?"

>
The other girls were quiet for a long moment, realizing that Kylee was right. She smiled at them. "You don't even have to tell me I'm right. I can see it. I'll tell you guys something else. My mother, not knowing anything about my . . . little secret, did not put perimeters on how much hair I could lose. She did, however, set boundaries as to how it would be cut. I know her too well."

>
"So just because of that, you really think you could get Peter to let you get your head shaved?" Shelby hadn't been won over.

>
Ky frowned at Shelby. "Well, yeah! Trust me. I can do it."

>
Shelby shook her head a bit. "I'll believe it when I see it."

>
Ky shrugged and looked back into the mirror. "Sure." She seemed to be contemplating something. "I have an idea. If it's possible, and it might not be, would one of you like to cut my hair?"

>
Daisy nodded. "I'm in for that."

>
Ky looked sideways at Daisy with an almost conspiratory way. "Somehow, I knew you would be." She liked Daisy. With one last side-glance to the mirror, she walked out of the bathroom. "Time to talk to the big guy."

>
Katherine looked at her for a minute. "You mean Peter?"

>
Kylee nodded just before she left her sight. "Yup!" The door could be heard opening and then was shut a moment later.

>
Shelby shook her head. "She won't be able to get his approval."

>
"Yes, she will." Daisy smiled.

>
"What makes you so sure?"

>
"I don't know. I can't place my finger on it yet."

>
~~*~*~*~*~*

>
Kylee knocked on the door to Peter's office. She had seen him through the window right beside it, and he seemed to be swimming in papers. That was a good thing for her. He'd be a bit preoccupied.

>
He frowned and finally gave up on the papers for the moment. "Come in!" He tried to settle the sheets into a somewhat neat pile, but some of them seemed to be troublemakers.

>
Kylee opened the door and walked in, closing the door behind her. "Hey."

>
Peter smiled at her. "Good morning, Kylee." He paused for a long moment. "I mean, Ky."

>
She chuckled a bit and sat down in front of his desk. "Fast learner. It usually takes my teachers longer to remember to call me that."

>
He shrugged. "I try. What can I do for you?"
>
"Straight forward this morning, I see. I was wondering if we could talk about my hair."
>
Peter nodded and leaned back in his chair. "Of course. It is your hair."
>
"Mom wants the hair cut."
>
It wasn't a question; it was a statement. Which surprised Peter, especially because she was right. "Yes." He looked at her oddly. "How'd you know?"
>
"Figured it out. Doesn't take much if you know my mom."

>
Peter nodded. She was very deductive, somewhat like himself. He somehow felt threatened by it. He knew that Kylee wasn't just going to bow down to authority. He was somewhat scared that it would wind up being a battle of resourcefulness between the two of them. The good thing was that she didn't seem to harbor bad feelings toward him. Too bad that wasn't the case between her and Sophie.

>
Peter nodded. "Alright. What about your hair did you want to discuss."
>
"There are two things, really. Just to make things easier, let's discuss the more difficult thing first. What are the perimeters in which I can have my hair cut?"
>
Peter nodded and turned around in his swivel chair. He moved several things around until he found a small piece of paper. He turned around to face Ky. "Well, you can't have any patterns in your hair. And . . . it should be easy to maintain so that the length stays basically the same."
>
Kylee's face held an incredulous look. She couldn't believe her mother had been so stupid! "That's all?"
>
Peter looked the sheet over. "Yep."
>
"There aren't any others from anyone else?"
>
"Nope."
>
The incredulous look grew. Peter had just bound himself. He had basically said that he did not have any perimeters on it, either. "I want my head shaved then."
>
Peter frowned and leaned back in his chair. He let out a breath before responding. "No. I'm sorry, but I can't allow that. -- "

>
"Yes, you can. You said that there were no more perimeters on it. From anyone. You didn't just lie to me, did you?" She smiled a bit, but not in an annoying, gloating manner. She knew that she would still have to argue. That this man was still in charge of what happened to her hair.
>
Peter could have kicked himself. How could he have been so stupid? He thought things through carefully, but he just couldn't think of a way out. "I'm sorry, Ky, but I can't allow -- "

>
"Look, my hair's already short. There's basically only two ways I could cut it. Something along the lines of a crew cut and shaving it off completely. Now, if it were to simply be cut shorter, such as in a crew cut manner, it would be hard to maintain the length. Unless you want to take me into town every few weeks. My hair does grow fast.
>
"Now, shaving my head. All I'd have to do to maintain its length is to shave it. Easy enough. Besides, you already said that there were no more restrictions. You wouldn't be changing your answer, would you?"
>
Peter grimaced. She was right. And taking her into town every few weeks would get bothersome. That was time he didn't want to

sacrifice, nor did he want his staff to sacrifice it. And he had said that there weren't any other restrictions. . . . "Alright." He couldn't believe he had just given in.

>
Kylee held back her gloating, victorious look. She still had one thing left to argue. And this something wasn't a set deal, like the shaving of her head had been. "I was wondering if we had to go into town. Maybe someone else could do it. Daisy already offered her services if you agreed to letting me get my head shaved."

>
Peter frowned. He was going to give a quick no, but his attention was drawn to the mountain of papers on his desk and the ones that had managed to escape and lay strewn on the floor. He didn't have much time to give for the moment. And he didn't really want Sophie to take her; he wanted things to cool down between them before he stuck them together again. The only other person he would let deal with someone as slippery as Kylee would be Roger. And he had left for the day to look at supplies for the school before they ordered them.

>
Peter shrugged. "Fine. But it will be monitored."

>
Kylee's eyebrows rose. Had she really just won on both counts? "Monitored?" And what did that mean?

>
"It means that Daisy can shave your head only if there's a teacher present. Go to your dorm. I'll send someone up in a few minutes. She'll be equipped with an electric shaver."

>
Kylee smiled, finally gloating. "Why thank you, Peter." She stood up and left the man to his papers.

>
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>
Kylee entered the dorm, her stride showing how incredibly triumphant she had been. She smiled at everyone. "Guess who's getting their head shaved by Daisy?"

>
The other girls, who had been waiting in the dorm just to see how everything would work out, were quiet for a long moment. They were in shock. Finally, Shelby broke the silence. "There's no way Peter agreed. -- "

>
"I'm afraid he did. Sorry." Ky nodded at Daisy. "A teacher's going to come by sometime soon. She'll have an electric shaver. It's vital that she never see the back of my head when you're shaving. Understand?"

>
Daisy nodded. "That should be easy enough."

>
And it was.

End
file.